

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,  
This milky gentleness, and course of yours  
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon  
Your are much more at task for want of wisedome,  
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

*Alb.* How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;  
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

*Con.* Nay then

*Alb.* Well, well, the vnt.

*Exeunt*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.*

*Lear.* Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;  
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you  
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,  
if your Diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore  
you.

*Kent.* I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered  
your Letter. *Exit.*

*Foole.* If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in  
danger of kybes?

*Lear.* I Boy.

*Foole.* Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go  
slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Foole.* Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-  
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an  
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What can't tell Boy?

*Foole.* She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a  
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle  
on's face?

*Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,  
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong.

*Foole.* Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Foole.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's  
a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Foole.* Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his  
daughters, and leaue his homes without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be  
my Horses ready?

*Foole.* Thy Asles are gone about 'em; the reason why  
the seven Starres are no more then seven, is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight.

*Foole.* Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

*Lear.* To take againe perforce; Monster ingratitude!

*Foole.* If thou wert my Foole Nuncle, I'd haue thee  
beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Foole.* Thou should'st not haue bin old, till thou had'st  
bin wise.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen;  
keepe me in temper; I would not be mad. How now are  
the Horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready my Lord.

*Lear.* Come Boy.

*Fool.* She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.  
*Exeunt.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.*

*Bast.* Saue thee *Curan*.

*Cur.* And your Sir, I haue bin  
With your Father, and giuen him notice  
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse  
Will be here with him this night.

*Bast.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-  
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but  
eare-kissing arguments.

*Bast.* Not; pray you what are they?

*Cur.* Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,  
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

*Bast.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do then in time,  
Fare you well Sir.

*Bast.* The Duke be here to night? The better best,  
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse.

My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,  
And I haue one thing of a queazie question  
Which I must ask, *Briefenesse*, and *Fortune* worke.

*Enter Edgar.*

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,  
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,

Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;  
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,

Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?  
Hee's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,

And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said  
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?

Aduise your selfe.

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Bast.* I heare my Father coming, pardon me;  
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:

Draw, see me to defend your selfe,  
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light hie, here,  
Fly Brother, Torches; Torches, so farewell.

*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion  
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue scene drunkards

Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,  
Stop, stop, no helpe?

*Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.*

*Glo.* Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

*Bast.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone

To stand auspicious Mistis.

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Bast.* Looke Sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

*Bast.* Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.  
*Glo.* Pursue him, ho; go after. By no meanes, what?

*Bast.* Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship.

*But*

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,  
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,  
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond  
The Child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,  
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood  
To his vnaturall purpose, in fell motion  
With his prepared Sword, he charges home  
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine armes;  
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits  
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,  
Or whether gaffed by the noyse I made,  
Full sodainely he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly farre:  
Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught  
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,  
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,  
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,  
That he which finds him shall deserue our thankses,  
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:  
He that conceales him death.

*Bast.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech  
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,  
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,  
If I would stand against thee, would the repofall  
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee  
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,  
(As this I would, though thou didst produce  
My very Character) I'd turne it all  
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirites  
To make thee seeke it.

*Tucket within.*

*Glo.* O strange and fastned Villaine,  
Would he deny his Letter, said he?  
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;  
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,  
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture  
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome  
May haue due note of him, and of my land,  
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes  
To make thee capable.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now my Noble friend, since I came hither  
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short  
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

*Glo.* O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?  
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

*Glo.* O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous Knights  
That tended vpon my Father?

*Glo.* I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

*Bast.* Yes Madam, he was of that consort.

*Reg.* No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,  
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:  
I haue this present euening from my Sister  
Beene well inform'd of them, and wish such cautions,  
That if they come to sojourne at my house,  
Ile not be there.

*Cor.* Nor I assure thee *Regan*;

*Edmund.* I heare that you haue shewne your Father  
A Child-like Office.

*Bast.* It was my duty Sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Cor.* Is he pursued?

*Glo.* I my good Lord.

*Cor.* If he be taken, he shall neuer more  
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,

How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,  
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,  
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:  
You we first seize on.

*Bast.* I shall serue you Sir truly, how euer else.

*Glo.* For him I thanke your Grace.

*Cor.* You know not why we came to visit you?

*Reg.* Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,  
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,

Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.  
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,

Of differences, which I best though it fit  
To answere from our home: the severall Messengers  
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow  
Your needfull counsaile to our businesse,

Which craves the instant vse.

*Glo.* I serue you Madam,  
Your Graces are right welcome.

*Exeunt. Flourish.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Kent, and Steward severally.*

*Stew.* Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

*Kent.* I.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I'th' myre.

*Stew.* Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me,

*Kent.* I loue thee not.

*Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make  
thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow I know thee.

*Stew.* What do'st thou know me for?

*Kent.* A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a  
base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred  
pound, filthy woofted-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered,  
action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-seruiceable  
finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slaue, one that  
would't be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-  
thing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,  
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch,  
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou  
deny'st the least fillable of thy addition.

*Stew.* Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus  
to rail on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor  
knowes thee?

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny  
thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy  
heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,

for